UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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GIVE US MEN!

Give us Men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding,
The Nation's welfare speeding:
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Give us Men!
Men of lofty aim and action:
Give us Men—I say again,
Give us Men!

—*The Bishop of Exeter.*

The Christian Life, London, reports the arrest of a laborer for sending his child to school in too dirty a condition to be admitted. The defendant's wife offered in excuse the fact that she had ten other children, and that her husband's weekly income was thirteen shillings. In view of the poverty the Court leniently let the husband of with a fine of one shilling and four shillings costs, making the income that week eight shillings. We wonder if that cleaned up the family.

Now there are at last five monuments dedicated to the memory of Servetus, the man who was burned by the consent of John Calvin, because he denied the deity of Jesus Christ, and whose memory was for centuries desecrated. The first was erected in Spain, his native land, the land of the Inquisition, in 1876. In 1903, on the three-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his burning, an expiatory monument was erected in Geneva by the followers of John Calvin. Two monuments to him are reported in Paris, and recently the fifth monument was unveiled in Vienna, the town where he studied and wrote in obscurity.

We are loath to believe that the *Chicago Tribune* was right in its editorial of last Sunday when it said:

> There can be little doubt that, however the press of Europe may protest, Italy had the tacit consent of the powers. It is inconceivable that any government would have risked the humiliation of retreat under compulsion. The seizure of Tripoli, therefore, must be looked upon as a deliberate recognition by Europe of the war of conquest, a deliberate repudiation, in this case, of international justice.

But we are glad that, in spite of this sad reversion towards barbarism, the *Tribune* in the same editorial can quote hopefully from Ambassador Hill's last book on "World Organizations and the Modern State:"

> Another force is growing which will accelerate the movement toward peace, and that is democracy. The chief cost of war and the fear of war which maintains armaments fall upon the people.

The *Pacific Unitarian,* whose editor is one of the best known public-spirited laymen in the city of San Francisco, says editorially:

> San Francisco has discarded its sack-cloth and shaken the ashes from its bowed head. It flatters itself that it is redeemed, politically, and is looking forward to a time of self-respect and prosperity. The citizens have a new look in their eyes since one of its best citizens, supported by both political parties and a large number of independent wage-earners who believe in organized labor in its place but are satisfied that it is better to keep out of politics, was elected Mayor at the first, or primary, election by a plurality of 25,000 over the present incumbent, and a clear majority of 16,000 over all his opponents.
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> The effort to force the domination of a party based on class upon a community engaged in an honest effort to make effective the new laws designed to remove party politics from municipal affairs was most ill-timed, and reacted disastrously,—forcing an issue not made before, and giving the final result a significance not deserved, for it was not aimed at organized labor, but at maladministration, and at the defeat of an effort to fasten a Union Labor Tammany Hall on a suffering city.

Another woman has reached the highest round in the pedagogical ladder in fair competition with a lot of splendid, efficient male competitors. This time it is Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, Superintendent of the Kenosha School System, who was elected president of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association at its recent successful meeting in Milwaukee, a meeting that called to its platform David Starr Jordan, from California, and Booker T. Washington, from Alabama. It was no mere act of gallantry that gave to Mrs. Bradford this significant honor. She has won her way to the top through long years of service in all the grades, from the primary to a professorship in the Normal School System of Wisconsin and the superintendency of the schools in the city wherein she lived as a child, taught, was married, reared a family, and then in her widowhood took up again her chosen profession. UNITY extends its congratulations to Mrs. Bradford, and those who profited by her clear leadership and inspiring instruction at the Tower Hill Summer School some two years ago will ask to be especially permitted to join with UNITY in its congratulations.

What a humiliating revelation was that which appeared in the November *McClure's* from the pen of Judge A. Z. Blair, of the Seventh District of the Common Pleas Court of Ohio, when in honest directness, in simplest speech and frankest naming of individuals, with the still more impressive corroboration of the camera, he told of the seventeen hundred rural voters in Adams County, who sold their votes for less than a "mess of pottage," in an insignificant local election, and how, in his capacity of judge, he "disfranchised one-quarter of the voting population of that county." Contrary to the rhetoric of the "spell-binder," Adams County is in no sense a "slum" territory, and it is not "burdened" with the "off-scourings of Europe," or "unprepared niggers." On the contrary, Adams County is a rural county, the Judge tells us, in which

> But one person out of twenty-five is of foreign parentage, against one out of every three in the country at large, and but one man in a hundred is a negro, against one in eight in the United States as a whole. Adams County was settled by revolutionary soldiers from Virginia. The greater part of the present population is descended from them ..... Out of this original territory have come some of the ablest men of the nation. General Grant was born here, and here was the home of Senator Allen G. Thurman. Eight governors and five United States Senators of Ohio have been chosen from this territory.

Is Adams County typical or exceptional? This righteous Judge makes this disclosure because he fears it is not exceptional. But the article gleams with light. We pity the man who can read without a thrill the startling confession:

> It was the women of Adams County who had never become reconciled to the custom, and whose continued hostility resulted finally in a hope of its abolishment. My own mother, at the time when I went out in the evening to work in one of the "Money fights," never ceased to protest, and after I married, my wife took the same view. By the early '90's men, under promise to their women folk, refused to continue longer in the practice or continue its support.

And still these are the women whom patriotic men are *afraid to trust with the ballot.* No wonder that some men, prominent in politics, look forward with *great apprehension* to what may happen when the women can vote.

The Liberals in Council

The Universalist Leader for November 4, and the *Christian Register* bearing date of November 2 are of special interest to the student of liberal religion and progressive theology, for they contain respectively the reports of the recent meetings of the two national organizations which they represent.

The Universalists call their meeting "The General Convention," and they assembled in the city of Springfield, Mass. The Unitarian body, preferring the word "Conference," assembled a week later in Washington, D. C. Judging from the editorial comments, both meetings were triumphantly successful. Harmony prevailed, large things were talked of, and the forward look seemed to be persistent. It goes without saying that high things were well said by both bodies, for the leading laymen and ministers of these thoughtful bodies were gathered from ocean to ocean.

The Universalists' Convention threw off the incubus of a three thousand dollar debt that had worried it, and squared itself with the world by making the President's office not a compliment to a layman, but a task to one of its most vigorous and successful of ministers. The Rev. Marion D. Shutter, of Minneapolis, was elected to fill what the *Leader* calls the office of "President-General." He is expected to assume executive functions, to direct, and, still more, inspire the various churches and movements throughout the nation.

At their Ministers' Meeting, Dr. Dickerman called upon the clergy to "democratize" themselves. He said:

> We need a new type of minister to be known as a pastor, who will get down on the bottom floor of democracy, not only in speech, but in clothing, manners and way of life, a man who will be a man among men and full of the spirit of democracy. Diplomas look well in the study, but when worn on our backs or posted on our bulletins only illustrate how Pickwickian is our sense of brotherhood. I sincerely believe if we are to have the spirit of the age we must be men and not simply members of a profession.

His demand of the church was equally radical. He said:

> As for church people in general, it is easy to send blankets to the Hottentots and ice-cream to the natives of Iceland, but infernally hard to be brothers with the Lithuanians on the next street.

Dr. Tomlinson, of Massachusetts, in the same strain, said of their church:

> It must be able to preach its gospel in the terms of the twentieth century. It must be able to interpret clearly and cogently the momentous facts that enter into the warp and woof of daily experience.

The Unitarians at their meetings also rang the changes upon the same cry for a forward movement. The Hon. Horace Davis, of San Francisco, in his President's address said:

> That church is strongest which has the strongest, most active and efficient auxiliary societies, working for the public good. Our orthodox friends teach us this lesson by their burning enthusiasm for their foreign missions. Let us carry the same spirit into our social service here at home, and our critics will no longer say the Unitarian Church is cold.
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> And in like manner with the individual. Practical work leads up to spiritual life, for practical goodness means sympathy with God, the source of all goodness. The love of our neighbor generates the love of God. If a man does not love his neighbor, whom he has seen, how can he love God, whom he has not seen? So through our generous sympathies we shall reach spiritual life, the first object of our church worship and organization.

Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, of New Jersey, president of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, said:

> The church that is not right on the social question has no future and not much present. We must talk not of theological progressiveness, but of social and economic progressiveness, for our gospel is all of a piece.

Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, speaking for the International Council of Liberal Religious Workers and Thinkers, said:

I ask you to see things internationally, to take your place in a world-wide movement, to put the biggest significance into your local effort. Then only shall we learn how, on the one hand, to do our little work grandly, and, on the other hand, to do our grand work simply and modestly.

Perhaps this Unitarian Conference went farther than any national organization of a denominational character has gone in formulating a program,—at least in specifying the sociological things to be done, remembering that in recent meetings the sociological emphasis urged by some of the younger men was looked upon with distrust, and their aggressiveness provoked hot disputes. This resolution was passed with a unanimity that was almost ominous. Was it a polite and gracious way to get rid of a disagreeable subject by letting some of the "young men" have their way, or did it mean that this body, led by a ministry academically trained to high things is going to devote itself more efficiently to the pressing problems of the hour? This lengthy resolution deserves a place in even a passing notice of this important meeting. So we give it entire:

Resolved, That the General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches stands and believes that the individual churches must stand and work for equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life; for the right of all men to self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely safeguarded against encroachments of every kind; for the right of the workers to some protection against the hardships resulting from swift industrial changes; for the principles of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions and the full consideration of the rights of the public at times of disagreement or industrial warfare; for the protection of the workers from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, and mining disasters; for the abolition of child labor and the protection of children from exploitation in industry and from work that is degrading, dwarfing, and morally unwholesome; for such regulation of the conditions of toil and hours of labor for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community; for the suppression of the "sweating system;" for the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practical point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life; for a release from employment one day in seven and a wage based not on a seven-day week, but on a six-day week; for a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford; for the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised; for suitable provision for the old age of workers and for those incapacitated by injury in industry; for the control of the natural resources of the earth in the interest of all the people; for the gaining of wealth according to the highest ethical standards and the holding of wealth as a social trust; for the discouragement of the immoderate desire for wealth, and the exaltation of man as the end and standard of industrial activity; for the abolition of poverty; for proper housing, for the proper care of dependents and criminals; for pure food and drugs; for wholesome recreation and for international peace; for such safeguarding and extension of the institutions of democratic government as will permit and insure the maintenance of the rights of all against encroachment from the special interests of the few.

Two other great religious problems pressed themselves upon the attention of both bodies. The Unitarians were particularly insistent in their demand for International Peace and their reprobation of war, one whole session being given to the discussion of this problem.

The Rev. Edward Cummings, successor to Edward Everett Hale in the pulpit of the South Congregational Church, Boston, was fittingly the first speaker. He said:

The tragedy of the situation is that the people who are in the midst of great historical events do not realize it. With the next Hague Conference only a few years away, we should be formulating new demands. American Christianity has it in its power to see that our representatives do the right thing. These propositions have excited high hopes over all the world. People are looking to us for relief from their burdens, and in the name of religion we must do all in our power to bring the reign of peace.

The second speaker was Mr. Gannett, of Rochester, who called attention to the "tragically interesting paradoxes of the situation." He said:

Never has the burden of simply keeping the peace between non-fighting nations been so grievous as during the dozen years since the first Hague Conference. Peace itself has become tragedy in the frenzied race of building battleships, till nations pant with financial exhaustion. What has happened that our navy, which thirteen years ago cost an average of thirty millions a year, now costs quadruple that? Nothing has happened, except the little war of which "there was not enough to go round," but of which there was plenty to print the word "Imperialism" above the word "Democracy" on our banners.

Nevertheless, on the other side, our claim is that the twentieth century is destined to organize the world in relations of peace and good-will. Never before were such powerful forces combining to work unconsciously for peace. Industry, science, literature, the vast ramifications of the credit system, all make for civilization. Add, too, the sub-conscious agencies—the rise of women, the rise of socialism, the widening of democracy—to the conscious agents, which include about three hundred associations studying the principles of international law, the Interparliamentary Union of 2,500 members, the Mohawk Conference, Ginn's endowed "School of Peace," Carnegie's ten million "Foundation," and, above all, the Hague Conferences.

In this connection the conference was a little bumptious in its praise of the President, who, while urging Peace treaties, complacently admires the militant display of warships, yearning for and promising more by the time the canal is finished. Consistency is a jewel even in the presidential chair.

Perhaps the next most pressing problem confronting the churches of all grades and names, is that of "Church Unity." This problem was faced by both conventions but handled more gingerly. There was the obscuration of the study in hand by an appeal to metaphysics and psychology, a talk about differences in tastes and incompatibility of convictions, all of which is admitted wherever stated. But that does not apply to the present waste of energies, spiritual and physical, where the psychological differences do not exist, and where the inheritances and royalties are based on dead issues and forgotten inspirations.

The Universalist, Dr. Dickerman, recognized this fact and bluntly called attention to the scandal that the Universalists had not been able to unite in true brotherhood with the Unitarians, their nearest denomination. He said: "Let us become brotherly with them, then with the foreigners that come to our shores, and afterward with the Hottentot." But the Unitarian pastor of the place would soothe the Conference by asserting that "the two denominations could work for years yet as separate sects in one state without uniting." Doubtless they can, and we fear they will. All the more pity that the state should suffer from wastefulness and want of the

added potency of those who work the over-lapping territory. The Unitarians gave the entire closing session to a discussion of this subject, but judging from the meager report in the *Christian Register,* more attention was given to a recognition of the diversities of organization and apologizing for the same, than to the question of how to remove the offense and reduce the scandal.

Dr. Crothers, with his usual directness said:

> There are many Unitarians in small places who ought to feel that a Unitarian church is a *luxury beyond their means, and they should accept their duty to work with real people of the community. People, however, are facing new and increasingly insistent problems.* The question is not about the old sectarianism, but whether we can face the mighty differences between men and yet retain the unity of spirit. The differences between Arianism and Arminianism are dead, but class spirit is bound to divide us unless we are wiser than our fathers were.

But even Dr. Crothers would fain reconcile the Conference to the denominational varieties in cities. One may well hestitate to differ from so keen a student of city problems and denominational issues as Dr. Crothers, but we feel that the city is suffering as much from this spiritual waste of denominationalism as the country. In one way or another is this issue forced upon the churches in every large city. Denominations are finding that they have violated the laws of economy in unwise subdivisions, and they are re-uniting their churches in order to increase their efficiency. We have in mind a street upon which there are three churches within pistol-shot of one another, who are practically propagating the same faith, studying the same Bible books, giving essentially the same Bible interpretations. The ministers are in full accord and fellowship one with the other, but for sectarian reasons, out of denominational loyalty, they are working apart, each fighting a desperate battle financially, and with too meager congregations.

The Unitarians and the Universalists are the two denominations which, by their histories, constituency and convictions, ought to lead the way towards that fusion of religious interests where the interests are fundamentally harmonious.

Dr. Merrick, pastor of a Congregational Church in Springfield, exemplified this propulsion towards Unitarians in his speech of welcome to the Universalist Convention. He said: "We welcome you for what you are, for what you have done, and on account of your large hopes and noble purposes."

Perhaps the action of the Unitarians in changing their name from the "National Conference of Unitarians and Other Christian Churches" to that of "General Conference of Unitarians and Other Christian Churches" was a movement towards the larger unity, a groping for the more efficient combination. The change was made in order to make the Unitarian brothers over the line in Canada more at home. It was a geographic enlargement. There is by implication a theological barrier still lurking in that title which awaits a more heroic conference, or one more touched with the spirit of universal religion. The "other Christian churches" by implication would rim the word "Unitarian" and the fellowship of the conference by the word "Christian" but, in order to escape the implication of narrowness or limitation, the Unitarians in later years have in every way possible tried to eliminate from the term "Christian" all theological content of the word. There are probably a few Christian churches not bearing the name Unitarian which have enjoyed the fellowship of the Unitarian Conference. May their number increase. But as a matter of fact, there are probably many other organizations not wearing the name Christian who are in such essential accord with the Unitarian *movement* that, by the law of affinity, they would be drawn into the fellowship. There are the Independent societies, People's churches, Ethical Culture organizations of varying names, progressive Jewish fraternities and congregations, not to speak of the many philanthropic, sociological and humanitarian organizations, national and local, that ought to be wooed and won by so congenial, high-minded and forward looking a body of men and women as are represented by the great and inspiring words, *Universalist* and *Unitarian,* touching as they do the very central inspirations of prophetic religion.

WHERE DO THE SERMONS GO TO?

Where do the sermons go to
  When issuing forth from the heart,
Quickened with love and power divine,—
  Whither do they depart?
Vanish, you tell me, forever?
  To dissolve in the midst of the years?
With only a transient message
  As they fall upon listening ears?

Ask where the sunshine strayeth,
  Bathing earth's paths with its light;
Ask where the moonbeam wandereth,
  And the stars' scintillations bright.
Search for the violet's perfume,
  As it sweetens life day by day;
Or the notes from the feathered songsters
  Trilling their tuneful lay.

Like the light, the perfume and music,
  Is that message divine preached to men;
To guide and to cheer and to hearten
  Human souls plunged in darkness of sin.
And none can tell how far it goeth
  Day by day through the world's throng and press,
Disclosing to men Christ the Saviour,
  Their Companion in life's storm and stress.

Where do the sermons go to?
  Ah, friend, they encircle the earth,
And many a heart has been strengthened,
  And many a soul had its birth
While the old, old story was telling,
  In Christ's precious words of love,
The way to the arms of the Father,
  The road to the Home above.

—Harry N. Pfeiffer, A. M.

THE PULPIT

What Every Man Knows

SERMON BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

There was no man that would know me.—Psalm CXLII:4.

No doubt many of you have seen or read that dainty little play entitled "What Every Woman Knows." It is one of those airy, fragile fabrics of sentiment and humor which only James Barrie could weave, touching playfully but none the less deeply upon some very important things. There is satire in it, but it is so mellow and tender that the sting is drawn and it ceases to be satire. Its interplay of feeling is so human, so true, so appealing that the aspect of farce vanishes. In a word, Barrie is inimitable, and no one can report his elusive charm of humor, whim and pathos.

Some one in the play asked Maggie Shand the difficult question, What is charm? "Oh, it's a sort of bloom upon a woman. If we have it we don't have to have anything else—not even education. If we don't have it—ah, nothing else can take its place." With this the writer of the play does not agree, and he is right. If that is what every woman knows, then she knows something that is not so. But then, as we shall see, Maggie had, what many women do not have, a great gift of humor; and it was her humor that dictated her theory of what every woman knows.

Here we see the familiar spectacle of a man whose career is shaped, maneuvered, sweetened and guided by his wife. In some thoughtless minds a certain odium seems to attach to such a union of force and tact, of initiative and sagacity; but happy is the man who can receive such assistance, and thrice happy should he be who can confess the debt. This may be a part of what every woman knows. Some men know it, too, but others, like John Shand, are late in finding it out. Shand was a Scotchman, unusual in that he had almost no humor, but he had an insatiable hunger for learning. This passion leads him into secret midnight visits to the unused library of the firm for which he works, and upon one of these visits he is discovered. Of course he is guilty of breaking and entering, but his employers, admiring his pluck and respecting his purpose, decide to make use of his plight to pledge him to their sister, —seven and twenty, and unloved because she had no charm.

So Shand begins his career, and upon the achievement of his first political success marries Maggie. For six years she guides, manages and maneuvers his life, sweetening his public utterances with her demure humor, tempering his vehemence with tact, in fine, doing for him what Jane Welch may have done for Thomas Carlyle. He mounts higher, then suddenly fleers off the long, straight road,—as Stevenson called matrimony,—into one of those inexplicable passions which sometimes lay hold of austere natures to their undoing. She brings him back to himself, to herself, and to sanity, much to the disgust of her brothers. Slowly the humor of it all penetrates to the recesses of his soul, and he says, half laughing and half crying: "To think that you may have been helping me all the time and neither of us knew it."

But she knew it,—the demure, discreet, managing, much-enduring little woman. She took heart when she saw the glimmer of humor on his desolate horizon. "Oh, John," she said, "if you could only laugh at me. No one could be really fond of me who did not laugh a little at me. We women are droll to those who understand us. I'll tell you why. It's what every woman knows. Eve wasn't made from Adam's rib, but from his funny bone."

Whether or not this is what every woman knows, we may leave for James Barrie to guess as best he can. My task is more modest. Nor is it my purpose to recite the obvious facts of which every man must be aware if he thinks at all. Only a great genius can deal with the commonplace and make it uncommon. But it is true that each one of us knows something about himself, about life, about God, that is uncommon,—something, indeed, that no one else knows. Some blend of powers, some tint of temperament, gives to each soul an individual angle of vision, and makes its outlook upon life unique. This is what Goethe had in mind when he wrote his poem entitled "Dedication," which he prefixed to his completed works. He refers to the secret vision of Truth given to an elect poet, and which he must keep holy. Mystery and secrecy enwrap the vision; it is his truth,—the truth which he knows for himself and not for another. But what is true of the elect poet is true of all men, and this is what every man knows.

How often this thought must come over us when we speak of our fellow men, or when we hear them speak. We hear other men talk about the truth, but we know that they do not see our truth just as we see it. By as much as they approach our truth, by so much do we understand them and respond to their appeal. Here lies one of the rarest charms of life. It makes every human life a new discovery, and gives zest and variety to our human world. Some few are gifted with the art of revealing what is most unique and personal to themselves, while others either cannot or will not do it. Hence the spell of any work of art, whether it be a sunset by Turner, a movement by Beethoven, an essay by Charles Lamb, or a sermon by Phillips Brooks. They open a new vista by showing us the truth as they see it through the prism of their own souls.

Others, as has been said, are either unable or unwilling to unveil their innermost selves. They are like the dear old woman in "The Mill on the Floss," who was unhappy on her last bed because she knew her husband could not find the key to the blue closet up stairs. We are always coming up against these closed doors in our friends and always wishing to pass through them. Many men live with their closet doors locked and take the keys with them when they die. Some of us have tried to find the key to the blue closet in the soul of Lincoln, in the hope of knowing what it was that gnawed at his heart and made him, at times, so dismal and sad. But it is vain to try. He left the

door locked, and the key is lost. How different with Augustine, who left the doors of his soul wide open, so that we see his secret thought, his sin and its cleansing, and his happy colloquy with God.

When Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning eloped, Wordsworth said, "Let us hope that they understand each other—no one else does." They did understand, and that was the secret of their radiant life together. Gogol, in his story of "Dead Souls," tells of a husband and wife who had lived together forty years in poverty and toil. Their home was badly managed, even dirty, and they had many sorrows. But they had a way of breaking off suddenly in the midst of their labors and exchanging a long, lingering kiss. Nothing mattered so long as they were together, neither misfortunes nor faults. They understood. Each had a key to the closet door of the other, and while it was only a little bare room, the warmth of love was in it and it was good to be there. It is indeed true. Whether we be poets or peasants, the secret of happiness between husband and wife is that each must have a key to the heart-closet of the other.

Let us keep this fact in mind when we judge our fellow men. Even our friends do things that puzzle us, as some of our acts must puzzle them. Nearly always there is "one fact more" which, if we knew it, would explain many riddles. Lawyers lose cases, and physicians lose patients, by not knowing that one fact more. Good and wise advice often goes amiss for the same reason. It is not true that "to know all is to forgive all," for some sins are not less but more heinous than they seem. But oftener it is the other way, and when the one fact more does leap to light, we almost say to ourselves that to judge any one is futile. Our decisions in life are like political elections. There is a campaign beforehand in the mind, and sometimes it is a closely contested fight. Many voices are heard underneath a man's hat, speaking for and against a course of conduct. What we do not know, though we can frequently detect it, is how the minority vote stood.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

One reads Kipling and forgets much of what he reads, but no one can forget the figure of Terrence Mulvaney. He is a big, rough man, but genuine withal, and so human even in his sin. It would be easy to make "A Book of the Wisdom of Mulvaney," and some one should do it. He was a man of inextinguishable sorrow, and the sorrow was remorse. When he falls away and goes back to Dinah Shadd, though outwardly he seems to carry it all off as a joke, inwardly it is not so.

"'Tis hell to me, dumb hell through it all; and next time when the fit comes I will be as bad again. Good cause the regiment has to know me for the best soldier in it. Better cause have I to know myself for the worst man. I'm only fit to teach new drafts what I'll never learn myself; and I am sure, as though I heard it, that the minute one of these pink-eyed recruits gets away from me, the sergeant holds me up to him for a warning. Lord be good to me, for I have stood some trouble."

Our last glimpse of Mulvaney is when he is leaning on his rifle at picket, the night dew gemming his moustache, lonely as Promethus on his rock, with we know not what vultures tearing at his vitals. No doubt it is the duty of the pulpit to tell men of sin, but that is the thing that every man knows in one form or another. His conscience will not let him forget it. He may doubt whether there is a heaven, but he knows there is a hell. One of the greatest living masters of English prose is Joseph Conrad, and, while none of us can equal his style, yet every man of us knows, in some degree, what he means when, in the "Outcast of the Islands," he writes in this wise:

"When he stepped off the straight and narrow path of his peculiar honesty, it was with an inward assertion of unflinching resolve to fall back again into the monotonous but safe stride of virtue as soon as his little excursion into the wayside quagmires had produced the desired effect. It was going to be a short episode—a sentence in brackets so to speak—in the following tale of his life; a thing of no moment, to be done unwillingly, yet neatly, and to be quickly forgotten. He imagined that he could go on afterwards looking at the sunshine, enjoying the shade, breathing the perfume of flowers in the small garden before his house. He fancied that nothing would be changed, that he would be able as heretofore to tyrannize good-naturedly over his half-caste wife, to notice with tender contempt his pale yellow child, to patronize loftily his dark-skinned brother-in-law, who loved pink neckties and was so humble before the white husband of his lucky sister. He was unable to conceive that the moral significance of any act of his could interfere with the very nature of things, could dim the light of the sun, could destroy the perfume of the flowers, the submission of his wife and the smile of his child."

There are more angels than skeletons in the closet that the Master taught us to go to when we would pray to him who knows what every man knows. Many have debated as to whether we should confess our sins to our fellow men. Spurgeon held that we should not do so, lest we defile them; and Beecher thought that men sometimes "commit more sin in repenting than they do in performing the sins of which they repent." But all teachers of the soul urge us to keep the doors of our souls open that God may come in, assured that his mercy will forgive and his presence cleanse. If men did not pray their hearts would break, and all men do pray, each in his own tongue,—silently, it may be and with fear and trembling; but all men pray.

So long as God is what he is, and man what he is, there will be speech between them; and that speech is prayer. In his life-history, entitled "From the Bottom Up," Alexander Irving tells the story of a prayer by Billy Hicks. Billy was a petty officer in the British navy who had been promoted to be captain of the foretop,—a post so dangerous that the two men who preceded him in the work had fallen to death. Hicks had the superstition of the sea, and, being the third man, the color went out of his cheeks when his promotion came. On the night before his new work began he was seen working with the electric signal apparatus on the poop deck. Next day, when the order came, Billy went aloft like a cat, and came down safely, but with tears in his eyes. He seemed changed, somehow, but no one knew why.

The reason came out some days later when an officer of a nearby ship was visiting on board. He asked if they had a man named Hicks on board, and being told that there was such a man, he said that he had noticed the signal of the ship working a few nights before, and has asked his signal officer to take down what he read. It was a prayer which Billy Hicks flashed into the heavens, and which for qaint pathos and appeal is rarely equaled in the history of the human soul. Here it is:

"God, this is Billy Hicks. I ain't afraid of no bloomin' man nor devil. I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones neither. I ain't like a bawlin' baby afussin' at its dad for sweeties. I doant ask you for no favors but jest one. This is it,—when I strike the foretop tomorrow let me do it with the guts of a man what is clean, and dear God, if it's jest the same to you, from this day on give me the feeling I used to have long ago when I knelt at my mother's knee an' said Our Father. Good night, God."

Many such prayers ascend to the God who knows and understands. Men live by a faith which the lips deny, God knoweth why. The temple has its place in the life of man as a symbol of eternity in the midst of time, as a home of the soul, as a wayside shrine where pilgrim spirits foregather to rest and pray. But religion is "the life of God in the soul of man," and

"They who seek the Father's face
Find he dwells in every place."

Woman's Calling

Instead of replying directly to Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley's tactful, effective and womanly letter, I think that for the present I shall pursue the even tenor of my way as I refer to well-nigh forgotten first principles.

In discussing woman's calling, the answer to a previous question may be summarily given. What is the calling of human beings in general? What are we for? What is the meaning of life? Mrs. Woolley will agree with me that the goal of development and the task of humanity is the realization of the creative will of God, as that will is revealed in human endowment and situation. From such a point of view must we understand the calling and place of woman. They must be in accord with her nature, fulfil her destiny, satisfy her original feeling.

Now diversity between man and woman is profound and thorough-going. And progress in evolution does not decrease, but increases diversity. Yet with all the diversity, bodily and mental, religious and moral, man and woman are destined for for each other. The full truth of human nature is to be found only in the unity of the two—only the unitary harmonious articulation of the masculine and the feminine forms human nature.

The diversity of sex, then, is original to human nature. Therefore the woman question belongs exclusively in the region of the interpretation of human nature. It is only from this standpoint that we can gain an insight into the real calling, but the true place of woman. The assertion that the traits of woman's nature, as we see them today, are a result of onesided social treatment and of the status of woman in the history of humanity, ignores the originality of the diversity, and seems to be due to the false identification of the woman movement with her vocational life and political status.

According to the whole bodily and mental constitution of woman, her universal and natural calling is to be mother. The right motherhood is the basic and natural right of the woman as such. Her entire organic growth, bodily and physical, points to this goal. Everything down to the finest fibres or her nerves, the corpuscles of her blood—indeed, down to the most superficial vibrations of her soul, are dependent upon this fact. As soon as a woman comes to maturity, for decades her body enters upon a vital process, which exclusively serves her maternal calling—a process which goes on with wonderful regularity and constancy. Temperature, pulse, blood, muscle, nervous excitability, radiation of heat, all have periodic ebb and flow, with which her physical states and intellectual capacities are profoundly sympathetic.

This vibratory energy, in which the hidden natural calling of woman is revealed, attains to creative activity in motherhood. In the cycle of gestation, birth, lactation and nurture of the child, the woman fulfills her destiny, she consummates her life-work which grows in scope, depth and manifoldness with the reasonable growth in the number of children.

Woman's strength grows as this calling is fulfilled. She shows a degree of bodily and spiritual strength which is awe-inspiring and sacred. She is capable of a heroism in all maternal virtues, which is incomparable. But, on the other hand, well-nigh monopolized by this calling, the mother is weak and defenseless outwardly. During maternal processes her energy is not equal to tasks which lie outside her sexual sphere—a state that does not decrease, but increases as her culture increases.

That motherhood is the natural and peculiar calling of woman may be seen from the further fact that the fulfillment of this calling seems necessary to the bodily and mental well-being of the woman and the full unfolding of her sexual qualities. As a rule—there are easily-understood exceptions,—"old maids," (I do not like the phrase!), prematurely withering bodily and mentally, if they marry and become mothers, bloom with new life and beauty. And anybody can see that a woman only reveals completely her whole quality and peculiarity as woman bodily and spiritually in a happy and fruitful marriage; that childless women age earlier, as a rule, that women rich in children remain fresh and young and glad of life, if they can devote themselves, properly cared for, to their real calling. Sometimes mothers are taken as the oldest sister of their children. In a word, nature—up-to-date at least—has left no room for doubt as to what the real calling of woman is. And if nature, at the dictation of pragmatism, is about to deliver a different verdict, let him show it who can; the burden of proof is with him and not with me.

Because woman is naturally called to be mother, it is natural for her to give herself up to man. Love to man springs from unconscious love to child. Sexual contrast awakens mutual interest. From this the sexual impulse creates love. There is no love between man and woman without sexual impulse—all prudery to the contrary, notwithstanding. The maternal impulse first comes to consciousness as love for a man. But this is only the fundamental

vibration, the obscure basic tone that woman is for man, in this particular. For the race, man and woman are both means to end. As individauls, each is self-end. Man alone, who loves and is loved, solves the riddle which every woman propounds. Woman alone, who loves and is loved, causes the whole man to prosper. Therefore, her special calling is to be man's wife—and there is no use to deny it. The unity of the maternal instinct and love for man in the one devotement of woman to man corresponds to the unity of racial membership and special personality.

Moreover, the propensity of woman is not to man as such, but to a special man, who matches her peculiarity and is in a position to fulfill it. This is true, because of woman's impulsive, not simply to the preservation of the race, but to self-completion and self-satisfaction through the unity of a special feminine and a special masculine individual. The sexual and personal relation between a man and a woman is meant to be exclusive and permanent. The calling of woman is an enduring marriage with a definite man—a marriage which reposes on mutual love and loyalty.

Marriage, then, with one man, is the peculiar calling of woman as an independent individual—marriage in which her destiny as a member of the race is at the same time fulfilled. The foundation of marriage is the original unity of man and woman, and the essence of marriage is the complete and constant mutuality of life between two sexually diverse human beings, who are fitted to be each other's complement. The complete real human being does not exist until sexual dualism is transcended by conjugal monism. In such a being there is the deep need of exclusive love of another, of unity, in quality. Every human being needs some one who shares his life and fate with him, who belongs entirely to him as his other self, who redeems him from his aloneness and strangeness, who loves him in full surrender and whom he may love in an all-comprehending way. Thus marriage is a requirement of human nature on its personal side. Ask unhappy human beings what they feel most painfully and they will tell you, not the absence of sensual gratification, but loneliness, the desolate, pining, cold loneliness, which comes over them in the swirl of life and even among the dearest friends. That this loneliness and isolation of a human being can be banished only by a being of another sex, that the deepest human need can be satisfied only by marriage, and not by any other kind of association whatsoever—this is simply human nature, from which there is no appeal. Marriage is the only entire and conditionless community of life that there is in the world—a reciprocal appropriation, otherwise unheard of and impossible. It is not mutual love and it is not sexual intercourse that constitutes marriage. The former is only basic condition, the latter a main expression. In marriage two human beings in being and life, become entirely one. Marriage is a deed in which the wills of two human beings are welded indissolubly to a unity in the glow of love. The man belongs to the woman, the woman to the man. They are one, and develop as a unity. His fate is her fate, his interests hers, his care hers, his happiness hers. What they experience, they experience in common. The man is the home of the woman, and the woman the home of the man.

Yet there is this difference between the two—lost sight of in the woman's movement. Man is preponderatingly active, woman in general more passive; man creative, woman receptive; man investigating and deliberating, the woman living on the basis of immediate feelings; man attracting to himself, woman yielding; man far-sighted, woman short-sighted; man unyielding, woman of an elastic flexibility; man full of initiative, the woman meeting impulsion; man cautious, woman clever; man logical, woman saltatory, more susceptible to impressions than to reasons; the man understanding, the woman sensibility; the man will, the woman heart,—but, dear me, I guess it would not be safe to pursue the contrast further! But it is on account of this contrast that there is a streaming over of the inner life of the one into that of the other, most refreshing and upbuilding to both. But especially the man needs to communicate, the woman to receive. And it is into the soul of a woman that his inner life needs to empty, to assemble and rest there as in a clear mountain lake. Only a woman's nature possesses the receptiveness and purity of reflex which he requires, no friend can meet the need. A friend, by commerce of thought, is always after his own self, and must find himself in the thought of a friend. A friend repels all uncongenial irradiations. A man can find himself only in a woman. It belongs to the nature of a man to cast his image and the images of his spirit into the soul of woman, if he is to be clear and certain and happy.

On the other side, a woman needs a man for her spiritual life. It is a peculiarity of a woman to be interested only for what is related to her personally. Objective, impersonal interests are alien to her and injurious to her nature. But she is quick and immediate in her sympathetic appreciation of the personal. And it is the nature of man to excite and fructify the deep, tense, spiritual receptivity of the woman. Moreover, a woman wants to communicate her outer and inner experiences and the flood of feelings which they lead to communicate them to a man at that! Her whole emotional life needs spiritual fertilization by a man, in order to have some clear and tangible shape, and to be understood by herself. Otherwise her life is confused. No logical schooling will help her here. Women cannot help each other much here. Only a man will do. The sum of it all is that woman can completely find herself only in a man, a man in a woman. And even this is possible only in monogamous married life.

The calling of woman is to be wife, mother, home-maker. Nietzsche says that a perfect woman is a higher type than a perfect man, and much rarer—and Nietzsche was anti-woman.

It will be said that this article is so obvious as to be self-evident and superfluous. I not only admit it, I urge it. But it is a far cry from it to secular vocation and voting, for women. Just because it is undebatable, the woman movement must surely square itself with it. What status of woman does her nature and calling require? That is the question. What is wrong with her present status? That is the question. About these I should like to say a word another time.

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Among the Recent French Books

In the constantly growing series of publications that, from divers sources, honor the history of French art, two may be offered to the American connoisseur in view of their sumptuous decorative qualities, as well as for their valuable content.

The first is a biography of Dominique Ingres (1), so often called the French Raphael, the official founder of naturalism in painting, and the most imposing genius of the nineteenth-century art. This volume, in large octavo, filled with magnificent reproductions of the paintings and drawings of Ingres, is from the pen of M. Henry Lapauze, one of the most fervent and critically competent Ingristes. M. Lapauze, conservator of the Museum of the Petit Palais, has indeed very title to speak of his famous compatriot—Gascon like himself. He has already published several volumes upon the great artist. He has given to the public the precious contents of Ingres' note-books, which reconstitute his life and work. He has made known the "Love Romance of Ingres" with an infinite charm. It is by his initiative, and under his direction, that Paris witnessed last spring the most notable of the expositions devoted to the works of the Master,—an unrivaled reunion of public and private collections, in which one passed in review the labors of this giant genius during three-quarters of a century, from Ingres' first drawing (after Giotto) at the age of nine years, to the copy of a portrait of Holbein, made after the age of eighty. To someone who asked the old Master, then at the summit of glory and years, why he thus occupied his time in copying, Ingres replied simply, "To learn."

No life affords a more dramatic interest than that of this fiery "meridional." It is a life full of contrasts, of alternate shiftings of want and riches; of passionate revolt from the canons of a dead-weight classicism wherein Ingres' genius was affirmed, but in which even his superhuman will was sometimes tempted to bend, so intense were the rivalries of the different art coteries of the time. Our author recounts the different periods of this career, and the works that issued from each. As portraitist of woman and painter of feminine grace, Ingres is not an unworthy successor of Titian. It is M. Lapauze himself who possesses in his private collection the portrait of Ingres' first wife, Madeline, chef-de'oevre of delicate emotion. "Madame Riviere," "the woman with a shawl," is one of the glories of the Louvre well known to the foreign field. And of the inimitable series of pencil portraits, unsurpassed perhaps in the history of art, the pen of the critic never tires of speaking. "And with only a pencil," was the remark heard at the Ingres Exposition, by a visitor in just ecstasy before the infinite beauty of this seemingly impromptu expression.

The great historical and religious paintings of the Master receive from the author thoughtful and profound criticism, with a detailed description appropriate to the needs of the serious student of art. "Oedipus and the Sphinx," "Thetis Imploring Jupiter" (comparable to the "Light of the World," of H. Hunt) and "Stratonice," of classical inspiration, "The Vow of Louis the Thirteenth" and "The Martyr of St. Symphorien," of Christian source, not to speak of a host of others, are among the noblest monuments of Ingres' fame. All that the Museum Ingres at Montaubon contains of drawings, documents and paintings, is described in a manner to enable the lover of art to accomplish a memorable pilgrimage to this shrine of genius. But, above all, it is the recital of the splendid struggle of a strong and gifted nature against the rigors of a tormenting destiny, that remains foremost in the consciousness of the reader. Nor is one tempted to pity Ingres for the cruelties of his earthly lot. It is out of his unconquerable anguish of soul that he created the materpieces which have given him enduring fame.

Nearer to us, and kell-known and cherished of Americans, is the great sculptor, August Rodin. If Ingres may be likened to Titian, Rodin can be placed in the succession of Michael Angelo. The powerful marbles that have issued from his inspiration are incomparable of life and movement. They are already, during the life-time of the Master, the common heritage of the world.

The intimate thought, the art doctrine, of Rodin has been less accessible to the general public. In a volume of "Art Conversations with Rodin" (2), collected by Paul Gsell, a disciple, the curiosity of those fervent of such a theory will find satisfaction. In this work, charmingly illustrated and conducted with all the sprightliness of an informal talk, the great Master exposes his guiding sentiment, and reveals the impulsion that crystallizes at length in forms of enduring loveliness.

Rodin is seen in that picturesque pavillion, "Louis Thirteenth," on the heights of Meudon, where he makes his home, and where, in a temple with colonnades close by, he shelters the divine creations that his genius calls into being. Some of his admirers from across the seas have had the privilege of visiting this enchanting site. Nature has here embellished valleys and vistas, and along with the charm of the landscape mingles the souvenirs of ancient France,—the chateau of the Great Dauphin and all the pageantry of that glowing century.

Rodin complains to his young disciple that Art is dead in these our evil times. Science has given ascendency to the material wants of man; Art, which is dreams, which is contemplation, which is "the pleasure of the mind to penetrate nature and to divine the soul by which she is animated,"—Art has no place in a utilitarian society. In this decadence of artistic instinct, what we call "good taste" has also foundered. Rodin defines taste as "the smile of the human soul upon the home and its appointments." Art, to be real, must concern itself with all the needs of daily living. Rodin, strolling in his gardens verdant, where antique statues are placed "to embellish the statues, and not the lawn," exhales the vow that his contemporaries may come to realize

1 Ingres, Sa Vie et Son Oeuvre, 400 Illustrations, by Henry Lapauze. Georges Petit, Editeurs.

2 Auguste Rodin, L'Art, Entretiens Réunis par Paul Gsell, B. G. Grasset, Editeur.

their crime in neglecting Beauty, in diminishing the part of Contemplation and of Reverie.

This bitterness is happily refuted at the end of the volume, where the Master exposes a counter doctrine of the "utility" of the artist. The vice of one age is the indifference, not to say the repugnance, with which our contemporaries accomplish their respective tasks. Each profession is intent upon the profits to gain, and is insensible to the joy of work, and often of the principle of honor. The artist alone is animated by the pleasure of his labor. He thus offers a marvelous lesson to his brothers. All men would be artists in their proper direction if they were inspired by a similar passion to create, if they felt the joy and pride of their service. And society would be regenerated in consequence. The artist is useful because he gives happiness, and it is in this happiness that the soul of mankind is unfettered, and that it understands the sense of life and can direct humanity to a nobler ideal.

Chemin faisant, between these two conversations, Rodin talks of a multitude of subjects of a supreme interest and attraction. Taking, for example, the masterpieces of the ancient masters, he indicates the dominant characteristics of their inspiration, and his own. He himself claims to seek all his force in Nature. This being so, he finds all beautiful in nature for the service of Art, for the beautiful is the "power of character," and wherever interior truth is depicted, there results artistic beauty. The well-known statue of the decrepit old woman at the Luxembourg is a demonstration of this doctrine. An artist creates ugliness only when he lies, by attempting to "paint" nature and disguise her inner sentiments.

A number of chapters follow where "the Master, lovingly and patiently, illustrates with a bit of clay the principles of his construction; compares these with those of Phidias and Michael Angelo; analyzes the qualities of the busts of Houdon, in a stroll in the Louvre, and talks of his own portrait busts, which form one of the most glorious manifestations of his genius. On the "Beauty of Woman," there is a series of profound reflections. The "Mystery in Art" suggests a confession of faith of an almost lyrical poetry. This simple, human, direct contact of the great sculptor across the "chats" that M. Gsell has edited with a perfect literary harmony, will afford to the lover of art an exquisite and enduring pleasure.

J. S. G.,
Membre de la Critique Francaise.

A Few Books

In these days of land hunger and of consequent alluring advertisements of fortunes to be gained through the purchase of land, it is refreshing to read such a book as "How to Live in the Country," the latest of a long series of books by E. P. Powell, who in his old age is still the great apostle of country life.

For one who dreams of a country place for part of the year, or who seriously contemplates giving up permanently the turmoil of city life, I have no better advice than to tell him to read this book. The author is always sane and always helpful.

To all who are thinking of buying land, I recommend the following sentence: "Do not buy an acre of soil until you have personally examined it, and even then you must judge with a bias against the proposition." Such advice, if followed, would have saved many a one the sums, often hard earned, which have been wasted in dry farming propositions, Mexican rubber plantations, and western apple orchards. Farming or orchard land that is worth while is not exploited in the Sunday newspapers.

Of the many books of fiction that I have read during the summer, these two seem worthy of more than slight attention: "Later Pratt Portraits," by Anna Fuller, an extremely clever collection of sketches, of New England types, and "The Revolt at Roskelly's," by William Caine, a humorous study of English hotel life. Both books are published by Putnam's Sons.

A. L. P.

Notes

From the Macmillans I am in receipt of "The Tariff in Our Times," by Ida M. Tarbell. The key to this book is found in the sentence, "No tariff ever really expressed public opinion." The contents cover the enormous rise of the protective tariff, not for protection, but as a war tax in 1861. It shows how these war taxes were continued by the combination of those who had fattened on them,—fattened at the expense of the people. The handling of Grover Cleveland is just. The discussion of the McKinley bill and the Wilson bill and the Dingley bill is sound. This outrageous aid given to manufacturers at the cost of agriculture, drew capital and enterprise away from the farmer until agriculture was despised. The nation is just now coming to its senses and to its common sense. One thing is clear, that if Mr. Taft does not show himself capable of leading the progressive will of the people, somebody else will take his place, and that somebody else will probably be very close to a free trader.

From the Macmillans I also get the first volume of their "Tudor Shakespeare." This very handy and beautiful edition begins with Romeo and Juliet. It is to give us one play in a volume, and there will be forty volumes of plays and poems before the end is reached. "Midsummer Night's Dream" will come next, edited by Professor Cunliffe, of the University of Wisconsin; then "Macbeth," edited by Professor Brown, of Northwestern University. The list of editors includes some of our very ablest professors of English literature, and they are bringing to the work ripe scholarship. The little volumes that are offered us in this edition will slip into the pocket and make wayside studies for our rambles. I do not know of any edition of Shakespeare more delightful or more scholarly. Each volume comes at the exceedingly low price of 35 cents net.

E. P. POWELL.

"Me-Smith" comes from Lippincott. This book at first disappointed me, and I was inclined to throw it aside. I still wish that it could give us all the good things it contains without pen-painting such a diabolical character as "Me-Smith." On the whole, you may put this book down on your list as worth reading, if you will read it carefully and rightly.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS

The appearance of the revised "Unity Hymns and Chorals" is an event of wide importance in the history of our liberal churches. The former book, issued thirty years ago, filled a unique place and met an awakened need. It served groups of worshippers who desired a low-priced hymn-book and demanded one of large faith and high literary merit. The same need exists today. What the former book did for its time and place, the revision will now do in even larger measure.

* * * *

The musical value of the present book is increased by the fine responses found in the service book bound up with the hymnal. The eight chorals were a distinctive feature of the earlier book, and endeared themselves greatly to our congregations. Their number is here increased to fourteen. Other musical elements—prayer responses, choral sentences, gloria (five settings), hallelujah (three) and amen (five)—will enrich the musical part of the church service. Of the rest of the "service elements" it is impossible to speak with too great praise. The prayers, the opening services, the thanksgivings and benedictions, are suffused with emotion, replete with beauty, exceptionally dignified in form and language. Their use will intensify and enlarge the ritual element in our church service. The freedom of arrangement, by which any desired order or number of the parts may be used, will commend these service elements to our ministers and churches.

* * * *

The supreme value of "Unity Hymnal" lies in the high character and wide range of its religious expression and in its literary excellence. The hymns are poems, selected by poets. The great burst of song which our liberal faith has evoked is here amply represented. While there is a goodly number of hymns which have met the need of worshiping souls through many years, which have gained added sacredness from association, there is also the larger number born out of present conditions, filled with the heightened religious experience of this later age. In three sections, especially "Duty," "Love and Service," and "The Good to Be," the hymns are almost entirely from modern sources. They express the new attitude, the present aim, in religion. They are evidence of the depths of religious experience in modern life. They show the consciousness of the living God amid the turbulence, the exhausting haste, the unbounded energy of our day.

* * * *

The literary excellence of this new edition is remarkable. Hymns and poems of high poetic quality have been selected. In some cases the literary value has been unquestionably increased by the revising touch of the editors. Hymns thus altered, either by these editors or others, to perfect literary expression or deepen religious meaning or adapt the words to music, are marked with a star following the name of the author. The frequency with which this sign appears brings to mind with renewed force the whole question of the ethics of hymn alteration. Some editors are so opposed to the least change that in selecting verses from a longer poem for use as a hymn, they retain such connecting terms as "yet" and "but," when out of the original setting these words have no significance and actually mar the hymn. Such scrupulous exactness is of recent growth. It puts accuracy of quotation above poetic or singing quality. Every hymn-book, from that ancient Bible one, the Book of Psalms, down to the present, shows extensive revision made in the interest of more perfect expression for the uses of ritual and song. "Watts altered David, and Wesley altered Watts." Many hymns have grown slowly, and owe their present form to more than one alteration. Hymns otherwise good have contained one or more objectionable lines, which would soon have prevented their further use if allowed to stand.

* * * *

Worthily, then, may any liberal congregation sing its faith, its aspiration, its trust and hope, by using the revised "Unity Hymns and Chorals." My congregation adopted it in August, and we are finding it a source of profit and delight. It is to be hoped that many churches wil show their appreciation of the labor of love by which this book was brought into being; will recognize the insight and foresight which have given us a collection of hymns and services expressing the highest faith. The liberal church is not merely following traditions, it is creating them. It is interested not only to conserve the good of the past, but to embody the ideals of the present in noble form. In the work of passing on the treasury of sacred song greatly enriched and enlarged, "Unity Hymnal" in its revised edition will bear an important part.—*Rev. Florence Buck, in the "Pacific Unitarian for October,* 1911.

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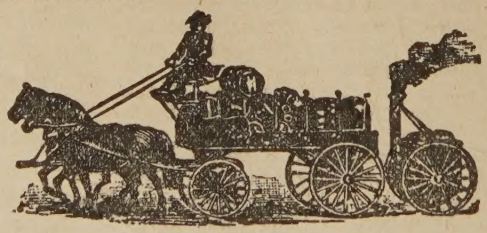

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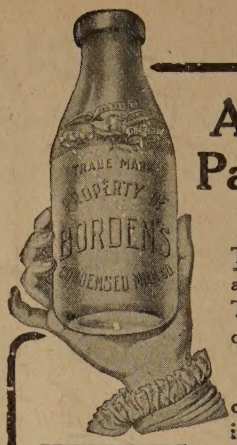

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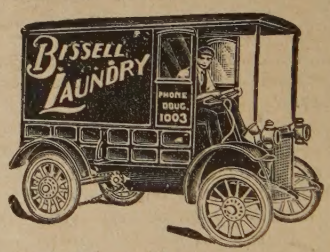

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